

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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FULL LEAF WIRE REPORT
OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization. It is published every day except on Sunday and public holidays in Topeka. The news is received in the State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

Where, by the way, was wireless telegraphy during the San Francisco horror?

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," especially when it comes to aiding distress like that in San Francisco.

If it is in order we would like to inquire what has become of the rate bill in the meantime?

Judging from the reports that are coming in concerning contributions to the aid fund, this country is full of good Samaritans.

Cuba also appears to be attractive to immigrants. Fifty-five thousand landed on the island last year. It is evident that Cuba has a good press agent.

"All that is visible of statehood now," comments the Sedan Times-Star as it shades its eyes and looks earnestly off into the distance, "is the cloud of dust way down the track."

Chauncey M. Depew has been re-elected as a director of the New York Central. The fact that he is a United States senator does not disqualify him for a job as railroad director.

Wine is pretty good, notwithstanding the opinions of the prohibitionists. Some Italians used five hundred gallons of it to put out the fire in San Francisco and saved a lot of property.

Perhaps we should not be too hard on Mr. Gorky. He had heard of this as a land of liberty, and evidently his ideas of his liberty is to desert his wife and children and go off with an actress.

It is noticeable that the muck invariably asserts that the man with the rake is a bad individual, and it points to the president's speech as a vindication of itself—but it is pretty hard to find the vindication.

"No European reformer considers his week quite complete," says an exchange, "until he has come over to America and been lionized for awhile." But Gorky isn't being lionized. Gorky is a long way from being a lion.

Fred Trigg suggests that General Funston ought to clip some of the things the newspapers are now printing about him out and paste them in a scrap book. The time may come when some skeptic will rise up and assert that Funston wasn't in San Francisco after the earthquake.

There appears to be a disposition on the part of San Francisco to "cut out" Chinatown in making the plans for rebuilding the city. That is proper. At the same time adequate provision should be made for the Chinese, but they should be encouraged to scatter and to become really Americans.

The Gaylord Sentinel subscribes to the belief that the farmer who gets enthusiastic over good roads will accomplish more good for the public than the one who enthuses over politics and who absorbs all the political buncombe that comes to his notice. And it's a good doctrine.

The delegates from Pratt county to the Republican state convention were instructed to refuse railroad passes, but their fare will be paid by the shipper's association of Pratt county. Isn't this just as bad in principle as accepting transportation from the railroad companies? The redeeming feature of it is that the shipper's association is local in Pratt county and is included among those whom the Pratt county delegates represent.

Trouble quickly brings sympathy. In prosperity there is a strong rivalry between San Francisco and Los Angeles, but when trouble came to the former it was Los Angeles that rendered the quickest aid. And it has not only opened its homes and freely sheltered thousands of San Francisco refugees but it stopped its own business and devoted practically its whole attention to raising funds and forwarding food, medicines, physicians and nurses to the stricken city.

Here is another evil resulting from mob law: It develops that the negroes lynched at Springfield, Mo., were not the ones who committed the crime with which they were charged. The crime of the mob has so completely overhauled that other crime that it is lost sight of, and probably the real criminals will never be known. The avowed object of the mob was to mete a terrible punishment upon those who committed that crime, but the mob has succeeded in defeating the very object it was trying

ing to accomplish. Had it not been for the mob very likely the real criminals would have been apprehended and punished.

A WEEK OF HISTORY.

Just one week ago this morning the world was startled with the intelligence that San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, had been paralyzed by an earthquake. Earthquakes of a serious nature have been such a rarity in this land of ours that few people realized the awfulness of the news. But when the report came that the city was burning and that there was no way to fight the flames, men knew what a calamity it meant, and from all over the nation went up a prayer for San Francisco.

Wednesday went by with little details except that great buildings were a mass of flames and a stricken people were trying to flee from the city. Thursday came and went, and still the flames raged, and not until Friday did the wires bring assurance that they had been stopped, but with only a fourth of the great city saved.

The wires had scarcely ceased vibrating from bringing the first of the dreadful news on Wednesday before relief was offered by a sympathizing people, and day by day a mighty mass of wealth piled up, was transformed into food, and hurried to the stricken city by the Golden Gate. From all over the country has come the food of the stricken city. Thousands of men stopped their business and gave their time to hurrying relief to the west. Never before has there ever been such an outpouring of sympathy in a substantial form as has been evidenced by the American people in the last week, and the sympathy has been genuine. States, cities and individuals have given, not to advertise their resources or for purposes of vainglory, but out of the fullness of their hearts to aid a suffering people.

Not even yet do we know the full extent of the tremendous loss—it may never be computed, but we know that it was the greatest calamity of its kind in the history of America. The Galveston disaster was far worse in its sacrifice of human life—for the San Francisco horror is freer of tragedy than was at first supposed—but in its destruction of property, and in the terror that it beget in the hearts of hundreds of thousands, the San Francisco earthquake and fire was the worst in American history.

But the western skies are already brightening. The ruins are not yet too smouldering, and already plans are under way to build a better city than ever before by the Golden Gate. And it will be done.

THE FINANCIAL EFFECT.

At first thought it would seem that the almost total destruction of a city like San Francisco, at a loss aggregating several hundred million dollars, would be a severe financial blow to the Pacific coast, one from which it would take a generation to recover. As a matter of fact, owing to our modern system of insurance, and investment, it is likely that the work of rebuilding San Francisco and its neighboring cities will be commenced, and a year or two hence will see a greater and better city by the Golden Gate than ever before.

Of course much of the property destroyed in San Francisco was insured, and half of the insurance was carried by European countries, so that Europe as well as America will contribute to the rebuilding of San Francisco. New York is somewhat fearful of the financial effect of the San Francisco disaster, because it will mean that a great amount of eastern and foreign money will go west. The New York money market has been somewhat tight for some time, and the demand for money with which to rebuild San Francisco will not help it any. It is interesting to note what New York thinks about it. Here is the view from Henry Cleve, the New York banker in his weekly financial review on Saturday:

"The shock resulting from the San Francisco calamity has been well resisted by the stock market, but must nevertheless in the long run exert a depressing effect. The chief weight of the disaster will fall upon an already much strained money market. Millions will be required to make good the losses and for rebuilding the city; considerable funds having already been sent westward, with more to follow. As a result, currency which ordinarily comes to New York for funding the new loans will be retained at the west and the chances for easier money rates are still further diminished by this catastrophe. San Francisco will unquestionably be promptly rebuilt, and on a grander and more substantial scale than in the past. The opportunities of a growing commerce both at home and with the Orient are altogether too magnificent and enticing to be quickly come to the rescue, and San Francisco, like Chicago, Galveston and Baltimore, and Boston, will ere long rise to a prouder position as a Pacific coast city than ever before. On the stock exchange there was more or less recession in values, particularly among the Pacific railways and Pacific coast securities. The fear that stocks may be freely and immediately sold by insurance companies to meet losses should not receive too serious consideration. Such losses are first paid gradually out of funds in bank or by means of temporary loans, insurance companies not being in the habit of sacrificing securities when it is better financing to borrow. Most of our insurance companies are strong and perfectly sound institutions, and no serious embarrassments to them are to be anticipated, unless in one or two possible instances. The losses upon mercantile and industrial establishments will, however, be heavy, and possibly disastrous in some cases. The occasion is one, therefore, that will call for all the consideration and patience that our bankers and financiers can extend toward a distressed community. The California banks, although most of their buildings have been destroyed, will not lose the money in their vaults, which aggreg-

ates about \$100,000,000, all being in gold. San Francisco did not suspend specie payments during our civil war. The state being a producer of gold, it enabled them to adhere to gold payments, and they have carried out that policy ever since. Whenever paper money is deposited they quickly pay it out over the counter. The worst that can happen to their gold coin will be to melt it, a process which detracts but little from its value, so the banks' money may be put away in bags and is absolutely secure. The insurance on property in San Francisco is estimated to cover a very considerable portion of the loss, the greater part of which it is thought will be recoverable, half of the insurance being placed with foreign companies."

A QUESTION OF SINCERITY.

It is to be hoped that these anti-pass resolutions that have been adopted by the various Republican county conventions over the state will not be treated as mere buncombe by the delegates to the state convention. There are doubtless more important matters for the state convention to consider, but the people of Kansas are against the pass, and it will not set well with them, after they have declared themselves on a subject, to have the state convention ignore their action.

The conventions in Smith and Jewell counties instructed their delegates to all conventions to refuse passes, but it is pretty well settled that all but two from each county paid no fare to go from their homes to the convention. Those four men who paid their own way are entitled to due honor for doing so, but the balance—the big end of each delegation—treated the instructions of the conventions that elected them as a joke.

The only defense that has been made for their action is that the railroad question was in no way an issue in the congressional convention; that Congressman Reeder, for whom they had to ride, was not a candidate, and anyone who rode for the mass business it should have been Mr. Reeder. What do you think of that for an excuse?

If the state convention evinces a disposition to ignore the declarations of the county conventions, the rank and file will get the idea that the Republican leaders are insincere in their opposition to the railroads, and they will act accordingly.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

Perhaps the excuse some of the delegates to the Republican state convention will put up for coming on passes is that they want to see what the horrid things are like so they can avoid them in the future.

This outdoor life is all right theoretically but you would probably have difficulty in finding the White Sox in San Francisco people just now.

This department does not claim to be an expert in this matter, but as near as we can judge the White Sox appear to be neatly dined and ready for burial.

This San Francisco disaster gives the western man another chance to brag. Even in acquiring disasters the west always breaks the record and leads.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Scottsville, up in Mitchell county, is coming early to avoid the rush and is already preparing to celebrate the Glorious Fourth.

Hearing that the state will stock the Solomon river, the W. C. Fairbank observes that the old mudcat will wink the other eye when he hears the good news.

A farmer's wife near Downs, Mrs. R. Verhage, picked 34 dozen hen eggs, lacking one, in a single week. One day she gathered 180 eggs. Mrs. Verhage's hens must be working overtime.

A golden throne should be provided in the new Republican headquarters in Topeka, for the candidate who actually comes out "fat" at the urgent solicitation of his friends.

Concordia Blade: The whisky stock of one Concordia joint is kept in the cellar at the home of the proprietor, and once or twice a day a hackman comes there, fills his barrel with the stuff and delivers it at the joint. When a barrel arrives for the jointkeeper it is carried to his cellar and stored, to be kept on as needed. Some folks say that with the addition of rain water, red pepper, tobacco stems, etc., the one barrel is made into five or six.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

[From the Atchison Globe.]

Real young girls and real old girls think an engagement is just as sacred as a marriage.

We would hate to be a preacher and have to preach against a whole lot of new clothes.

There is always a suspicion that a man who plays with the cat, probably has to wash the dishes.

Nothing would make us more mad than to be a town that a train goes through without stopping at the depot.

When a farmer's wife criticizes her husband, one way is to say, "He is mighty late gettin at his plowin'."

It is very easy to carry Reform to the extent of abusing worthy, honest, useful men. Don't engage in that kind.

We never like to see special trains carrying officials the same month that the pay of section hands has been reduced.

Some men are so ornery that the only thing they suggest, when you meet them, is to ask them for a chew of tobacco.

When a mother scolds her son and the father agrees with her, this makes her so mad that she forgets the boy and goes after the father.

The public wouldn't know what women some men married if it didn't occasionally see the husbands and their wives together at funerals.

When a man takes sufficient interest in another woman's attire to be able to tell his wife about it, then's the time when he never tells.

Speaking of hard tasks, there is that of the college man who tries to impress an outsider with the importance of his Greek letter society.

Another funny habit women have: When they look uncomfortable, and you ask them what is the trouble, they say "Nothing," and burst into tears.

A bride may long for handsome china, but in a few years when the children come and the work multiplies, she wonders why some one doesn't burn that china and what can be burned after a meal.

KANSAS COMMENT

ART.

To the casual observer who knows nothing of art, the advertisement on the back of the May Ladies' Home Journal has the cover design beaten to a frazzle.—Atchison Globe.

WASHINGTON'S PROBLEM.

Congress has its little as well as its big troubles. Just at present one of the most annoying of the former kind is the slum conditions in the national capital, which congress has found necessary to place in the hands of a committee. It is an extraordinary municipal problem. The mortgage business of the national government fills the eye of the visitor, but tucked away out of his sight are hovels covering misery and degradation as visible and dangerous as can be found in the slums of New York and Chicago.

The residents do nothing toward abolishing the evil because they are not citizens in the real sense—they can not vote.

Washington is unlike any other great city in the world. It is part of a government reservation. It is earned by a committee of representatives in congress and a committee of senators. The people who live there permanently pay their taxes but have no voice regarding public expenditures. The result is that they are wholly apathetic toward municipal affairs.

Tradition and public opinion are opposed to converting Washington, even to a slight degree, into a manufacturing city. The District of Columbia authorities may find many ways to discourage manufacturers. Employ-ment here is not a matter of choice. But Washington is the Mecca of the southern negroes and they go there in droves. It is not difficult to perceive the causes of the slum conditions.—Wichita Eagle.

REMOVE THE TARIFF.

The Republican party professes to be in favor of trying a can to the tail of every traitor.

To be in favor of preserving the forests. In view of these facts why is it that the bill to remove the tariff from wood pulp is one of the most important measures in the congress?

The removal of the tariff from wood pulp and print paper would help in tanning the paper trust and it would also go a long way toward saving our forests. The lumber men take only the good timber, while the wood pulp trust takes everything clean.

After the tariff is removed, the satiate combines doing business in this country and should be curbed. Will a Republican congress do the work? We should like to know how the Kansas delegation on congress stands on a question of removing the tariff on these articles.—Mankato Advocate.

DO SOME TALK THINKING.

The chances are that hereafter Curtis will think about twelve times before he begins to roast William Allen White again.—Dickinson County News.

SANTA CLAUS FUNSTON.

The fact that order has been brought out of chaos in San Francisco in so short a time, and that the hungry are all being fed, is a gratifying sight. The fact that the people have a heart to give and that General Funston knew how to distribute the gifts.—Salina Journal.

FROM OTHER PENS

FRANCHISE OF THE NEGRO.

The negro can not be disfranchised. In the states with the grandfather clause in full operation, the negroes are qualifying for the franchises. They vote now when it suits the bosses. After a while they and thousands of others will be able to vote like it or not. The one way to secure the perpetuation of white supremacy is to follow the constitution and by education and present leadership it is sure to impart.—Louisville Herald.

MODERN ORATORY.

Instead of retreating, as so many people fear, oratory has progressed. The modern statesman may not be content with making a speech. He must be able to deliver a sermon.—Washington Star.

THE LESSON.

The news columns of the press of the United States—many of the which are filled with judgment by the cabled foreign comment—are replete with convincing evidence of the fact that the greatest lesson of the San Francisco disaster is that the people are being educated about the benefits of the franchise. They vote now when it suits the bosses. After a while they and thousands of others will be able to vote like it or not. The one way to secure the perpetuation of white supremacy is to follow the constitution and by education and present leadership it is sure to impart.—Louisville Herald.

WAITING HIS TURN.

A lady in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the home of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsey, says Success Magazine. While waiting for the article she sought to be found, she observed a woody head which protruded from under the edge of the bed, and asked:

"Is that one of your children, Aunt Betsey?"

"Deed an' 'tis honey," was the reply. "What is its name?"

"Deed chile ain't got no name yet, Missus. Aunt Betsey said, 'I'll name it.'"

"Why, it must be five or six years old; surely it ought to have a name at that age," the lady said.

Aunt Betsey nodded.

"Deed done worried me a whole lot, honey, it sho' has," she said. "But what Ah gwine do? My ole man, he done used up all the good names he knows, an' now dat chile des hatter wait twell one ob dem die, so he can git his name."

Fame.

Two Americans who were traveling in England made a devout pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and spent several days wondering about the neighborhood. One day they met a countryman, and, pausing, one of the pilgrims said:

"I'm glad, I envy you your life here, amid the fields that knew the Great Poet's youth. What sublime thoughts must come to you as you tread the paths his feet trod?"

The other, simply stared, and the American demanded if he knew of whom he was speaking, receiving a prompt negative.

"Why, of Shakespeare, man. You must know of him!" the pilgrim exclaimed, stricken with horror.

After some coaxing the man finally admitted that he had heard of Shakespeare, and believed that he had "write for summat."

"And have you any idea for what he wrote—was it the Times?" the American inquired with infinite sarcasm.

"Oh, it warn't the Lannon paper," the man said. "I know it was summat solemn like. I think it was the Bible, belike."—Harper's Weekly.

A COMPENSATION.

There is one compensation to the ignorance of those who believe that it is that after while it will be impossible to tell an educated man from an uneducated man by his spelling.—Philadelphia Press.

"NECESSARY" DELAY.

Senator Aldrich says the anti's ask no unnecessary delay on the rate bill. He knows in their heart the necessary delay.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE IRON BRIGADE.

[Another old hunting anecdote of the President is to have a Federal position in Montana.—Daily Paper.]

In Oklahoma lives a man. A quite engaging sort of chap. Who gets the office never runs.

And yet fell right in Fortune's lap. The winning cards all seemed to fall.

When the time came for his death, He did not have to work at all. He used to hunt with Roosevelt.

In Arizona there is one. Quite worthy man, a marshal now. To catch a thief he often goes.

To get the garland for his brow. For when the tree of pines was stirred, And marshals and things were dealt, He did not have to say a word.

He used to ride with Roosevelt.

And in Montana's mountains far. There is another appointee. Whose name was a lucky star.

At least as far as stars can be; For all unknown to him it came.

Compliments were in store, of late, And his good fortune was the same— He used to scout with Roosevelt.

And up in Maine's deep woods there lives Another man, I have heard. To catch a thief he often goes.

Its luscious fruit when it is stirred, In supplication once he came. He drank a deeper, better wine— He used to trap with Roosevelt.

Ah, me, the much as I might like To hunt a thief, or a squirrel, or a pig. I fear the lightning will not strike In my secluded hermitage.

And all the while the stars are keen To catch a thief he often goes. The taleman was unforseen— I never rode with Roosevelt.

—W. F. Folsom in the N. Y. Times.

How the Deers Signal to Each Other.

A gregarious animal has usually many means of communicating with its fellows. The well-marked livery of the species serves it as its uniform does the soldier. It lets friend and foe alike know who he is.

Next in importance is the white flag with which most deer do their wigwag signaling. This is the tail, and its sudden elevation is the signal of alarm.

Another signal that I have not seen noted by anyone else is thus described by Mr. E. A. Preble during his trip to the Barrens, in 1900. Though the object was to kill a deer, he saw a species, I believe it will be found equally true of the woodland.

Soon after leaving our camp on the morning of August 16, we saw a young buck on a point of land was approaching as closely as the depth of water would permit—about 200 yards.

He showed little fear, trotting along the shore abreast of our boat, for a quarter of a mile. He would frequently stop and look back over his shoulder, and at short intervals spreading and contracting the white patch on his throat literally into an oval disc, so that it would give the effect of flashes of light. He finally grew tired of following us and drifted behind.

What was the caribou doing? Apparently signalling to what might be another kind out on the water. The caribou's grunt or bark, as Prof. D. G. Elliot calls it, I have never heard in a state of nature, but it is said to be the sound of the rutting cry, and my notes on this are very full.

"On July 4, 1900, got into a herd of about 1,000 half-wild reindeer. Their only sound was a grunt; this is uttered singly or else doubled—that is, two are given in rapid succession. It is sometimes the call of a cow to her calf, and sometimes it is uttered by a bull to a cow. It is also a note of alarm or enquiry to find out if his friends are close at hand."—From "The Caribou," by Ernest Ingersoll, in the Thompson Seton in April Scribner's.

She Got the Wrong Garment.

"Oh, it was awful—awful," said the girl with the bright brown eyes. "At the same time it was awfully funny—and yet I want to shed tears of mortification every time I think about it."

"It happened at the Van Atta's affair the other night. The Van Attas are rather exclusive people, you know, and they don't like to be bothered by their invitation. The night of the affair I spent hours getting ready. I put on my prettiest gown, of course, and when I was all dressed and ready to go, I looked in the mirror and saw that I was wearing the wrong garment."

"As I entered the crowded reception room in the big mansion that night I drew from my shoulders a little white silk scarf and then at me with another queer expression in his eyes. At the same time I noticed that the face of the girl he was talking to was frozen with horror. In surprise I stepped back, and the scarlet as the maid stepped up to take it, and—Oh—oh—oh, what do you suppose I was holding out by one sleeve? A gauze undersuit!"—New York Press.

Waiting His Turn.

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THE EVENING STORY

A Flat Failure.

[By Cecelia A. Loizeaux.]

Bang! went a window in the right hand third story flat. From the left hand flat in the same story directly across the hall there came a crash, followed by a shiver of broken glass.

An old gentleman stepped out into the hall and waited in a moment a second old gentleman appeared at the open door of his flat, evidently intending to slam it shut with all the power that lay in his strong right arm. But he too stopped as he saw his neighbor and then gave a shame-faced laugh.

"Broke a window pane trying to keep out the noise. That girl's dancing